you want the finest beverage, a sublimation of taste, slice a fragrant sour or-ange, peel and all, into a cup, and fill hot tea. Lemon does not compare with the delicacy and charm of the flavor, and tea is harmless taken this way. Sour orange juice and coffee is of the Italian taste, and King Humbert is said to always require a drop or two of the finest oil of orange to flavor his morning cup. But then Italians and French like fritters with orange flowers stirred into them, and there is no accounting for tastes which are not our

One fruit combines the benefits which the apple of Eden had not-the pineapple. Its juice is a cure for dyspepsia, let alone diphtheria, and its antiseptic quality disinfects the catarrhal inflamed digestive tract from first to last as it does a child's throat. The blessed fruit was selling three for 10 cents in Boston streets recently. and advantage should be taken of such times to store any amount against sickness. If we could buy pineapple juice as freely as lime juice, malaria would have few terrors, and moth patches on women's faces be almost unknown. The juice of fresh down in a year or two. pines taken often and applied outwardly is in itself a cure for unsightly skins. The juice is all that is wanted. The pulp is treacherous.

I never should take the trouble to dress pines for table, but slice them thinly as possible without paring, and drain on a hair sieve or cheesecloth strainer. The dose taken medicinally is a teaspoonful once in fifteen minutes, in bad cases. It is called a vegetable pepsin, digesting food and strengthening the digestive powers marvelously. A chapter might be written on pineapple and its uses, but I will content myself with the hint that pineapple cake, made after the manner of orange cake, is a dessert which outranks all others, and I believe is new this season. ...L BREAD. VALUE OF WHO.

The keynote of wholesome living must be wholemeal bread, of flour very coarsely so baked cannot go wrong after eating, shining grain, of minute facets, which reprovided it is eaten stale. You think much stress is laid on the stateness of the bread. but remember that college boys training | fine skin thus seen, lovelier than shells or for adjoat race are forbidden any but the flower petals or satiny spar. stalest of bread on dire penalties. The training for beauty should be wise enough to follow the example. Undoubtedly the bun which cost Napoleon the battle of Leipsic was freshly baked, in which state a bun is capable of playing Saul with any of us. My dear women, if you only knew what the habit of eating none but stale, coarse bread would do for you, a white loaf could not be found south of Greenland.

The fresh bread distends the stomach with gases, makes those fearful interior rumblings which put people to the blush, especially if you eat a little candy between times. The stale brown loaf prevents these possibilities, and by reducing the gaseous and other contents of the abdomen, also reduces the size of the waist naturally and permanently. There is no health in thick waists-they mean bad digestion, a putrescent interior or a disordered heart. The most active and symmetrical women are found with eighteen incn waists, who never knew a corset in their lives.

Refined persons feel the necessity bathing daily to cleanse the skin, and of breathing pure air-not a few insist on clean underclothing daily. But one thing more is to be learned in the matter of thorough physical refinement, and that the Brahmins taught as part of their religion before us—the thorough purging of the body daily. This cannot be effected without coarse bread and much use of acid and fruits and vegetables. Tomatoes should be the sauce with fish and meats wherever possible; the pulp of figs should replace candy for children, and there is a host of delicious little seedy fruits of the fig and tomato families which may be

grown in our climate. The little husk tomato and the ground cherry belong to this kin, and are grown as readily as rhubarb. Subacid varieties are so rich in pectin that they form the most delicious jelly by simply boiling down without sugar. They ought to be common and in the husk better than any other fruit, there is no reason why they should not open a new industry and be as popular as the orange marmalade or the California fruits. CEREALS VS. VEGETABLES.

knowing use of cereals in place of vegetables with meats. We have learned to eat hominy with canvasback ducks, but have yet to find how tempting a breakfast or lunch can be with wheat sausage or croquettes. A cup of cold wheaten grits, with chopped beef, seasoned with Spanish dressing, cooked like a sausage, will provoke appetite on one's worst days. Grits in ragout or served like potatoes under the roast will banish rice from favor at once. For bird and fowl dressing, fine oatmeal and wheat have a delicacy incomparable, as they take the flavor of the meat better than anything else. If epicures will only try them from the hands of experienced cooks, their menus will be the gainers and rich dinners be shorn of half their ill effects.

use their brains and nerves is forms of freshly prepared meats in the tenderest shape, finely minced, or pounded, which spare half the effort of digestion. Arabs of the desert may revel on tough roast kid, which will stand chewing well, but the American women and business men have no nerve force to spare for such stomach | will have spasms when she comes."

flavor and juice for the nerve supply of the taining him, slips off for a nap. A few creature who feeds on it, and the educated feet away sit two farmers' wives. They taste of the world will be a gainer. Slow cooking in closed vessels reduces gristle and tough parts to gelatine, which, in its turn, retains the finer flavors of the meat. In working for beauty you see we serve strength and epicurism together. This sort of cooking is half digesting food really, and leaves light work for the stomach, which has robbed brain and limbs of too much nerve force in doing its common, heavy

You can get up a digester as chemists call it by buying one of the galvanized sheet iron peanut roasters, heated by a kerosene lamp, which appear on the street this spring. One of these, with stone the top, will work as well as a more expensive cooker, always remembering that you must begin getting dinner over night to have things done. The idea might be adapted by restaurants and beef packing companies, who could then serve meats of the tenderest and richest flavor. For home practice the stone jar in the slow oven are our version of the hunter's usage as he wraps his bird or venison in wet clay and buries it in hot ashes to cook. Our clay is baked, but the slow heat and the close cover act on the self-same princip

This insistence on special facts of nutrition seems needless, but not when one brings herself into training and sees how the nerves and fibre of the skin respond to right living, and the coarse, hopeless complexion acquires transparency and color. It is worth the care and the accusation of "fussing," which is the hardest thing in the world for women to bear, when the dreadful oily nose full of holes and the coarse chin begin to come out clear and nice as those of the niecst girl one knows. It is worth being rather homely to experi-ence the satisfaction of getting over it, and one sees really beautiful women evolved every year from coarse and common-look-

THE COMPLEXION AS AN INDEX. The papers have been ringing the changes this season over the beauty of an American bride of a lordly house whose canonization is matter of incredulity to those who saw the debutante of six years ago. I used to feel that no girl with such millions had any right to be so plain; but the millions and costly care, the social experience and development have worked the charm. Yet I plexion is a quality which rewards just such tiresome care as the pretty paragrapher tilts her exaggerated pen at, insisting that all the care needed is to train the stomach to digest whatever is given to it, if it is the girl's bill of fare-"Pickles, candy, pie, cake, fruit, hot biscuit, Welsh rarebit. The complexion is a telltale thing, my dear women, and the expert glance reads the state of a woman's health at sight. The velvety skin, which the lotion dealers romise us, is not the higher sort of beauty, for it shows duliness of the surface nerves and blood vessels. It is such a complexion the specialists can give you, worked over and finished up on a very incomplete con-dition under the smothness and whiteness. The satiny skin betrays oily glands, and the woman who has it wears out a good many pairs of arm shields in a year, and peeds to wash and powder her neck and

they munch a fig or a prune before breakfast, or sadly take an orange or two-and
such poor oranges! The finely flavored
orange is almost as extinct as the good
strawberry. Among the wonderful things
told in cosmetic lore the most wonderful
to my mind is the story of the grand dame
who lived wholly on oranges and ate fifteen
at a meal! One can imagine a person with
a craving for oranges in a bilious state
taking the juice of say a dozen or so in a mat complexions are not unlikely to end in the insame asylum, for there is more for it is all surface work, and the blood which has been brought to the cheeks by kneading and pinching is very apt to de-velop inflammation there. Medical masseurs

> of eczema are known to develop on limbs overhandled. A continental trick to give the cheeks and lips high color is to wash them with weak cavenne tea, which, let me tell you, is a short way of bringing out facial erysipelas if indulged once too often. The woman who scrubs her face habitually shows it by the coarse texture of her skin. Did any one ever know a woman with really fine, nat-ural complexion who would allow herself to scrub it? The skin is a fabric of cellular tissues and nerves, and it won't bear irritation or rough handling with improvement. The scrubbing with hair brush and soap at the Turkish baths is not a good practice for nerves or complextion. By soaking in warm soap and water the skin loosens and sheds its clogging secretions, and a wash cloth of bath toweling will remove it all with gentle treatment. The use of a brush for the hands results in thickening the skin and bringing out hairs on the back. Scrub your face daily if you want a good mowing of

have to be careful in their work, for cases

HANDLE THE SKIN GENTLY. It may be taken as a principle of toilet practice that the skin is to be handled as gently and irritated as little as possible. A healthy and beautiful skin will not bear it. Only when the ends of the nerves are deadened and the minute blood vessels almost useless with the accumulations of a constipated habit does the rasping of

the bath brush afford relief. The sight of the skin under a microscope which can be scoured and steeped like soiled shirting. Skip is six layers of lace tissue, the meshes varying in size and crossing irregularly, and this lace is gleaming as a silk of pearly luster. Light is shed from the skin as from the layers Life. of an opal. The scarf pin is a crystalline, horny coat, but a horn like mother of pearl | kiss you for the last ten minutes. or fractured marble, not smooth, but a brilliance which truly, as poets cry, is whiter than linen or snow, or pearls or lilies. Very lovely and very wonderful is a But it has a higher beauty still. Translucent, nerve filled, with fine veins that a breath can stop or set flowing swiftly, it is the curtained pane the soul shines through. An emotion which penetrates will change the play of these facets and lift them to catch the light so that it is but the actual that is described in a late novel as if the shadow of a white wing swept across one's face. "Our Maker" is an artist, not an artisan.

This play of acute emotion is not possible, however, when the fine blood ments and nerve tips are inert with dead matter, clogged with blood which is half waste. How far from this graciuos state are we with darkened, yellow, clouded skins, which we keep clean without, but suffer the veins beneath to be common sewers. Perhaps you can understand why no creams or lotions can do more than lighten the outer layer for a while and why the refining must be mainly from within-a renovation by fit food, pure water, pure air for the lungs to pass into pure

To bathe constantly without strict care for food and all that belongs to nutrition is to make the skin the common carrier of bodily waste and throw upon it double work. Naturally it becomes coarse and saturated with bile and dark pigments. SHIRLEY DARE.

IN A CORNER OF THE PORCH.

One who sits quietly in a corner of the porch at a certain sanitarium not far away, pretending to read, keeping eyes on book and ears toward the talkers, can hear much that reveals character quite as interesting as anything the book contains. He may hear a young bride telling a rheumatic old genteleman about the small town which cheap as peanuts. As they grow to perfection on prairie soil and bear transportation band is a doctor and his title occurs in every other sentence. She is a pretty creature, from Kentucky, she tells the old gentleman, not that it was necessary-the accent is unmistakable. She has wavy, Few innovations in diet compare with the | brown hair which the hot mineral baths do not affect, to the envy of straight-locked sisters. Everybody smiles when she comes near, because she looks so radiantly hap-

"We live in the queerest little town, and see the queerest people you ever heard of," she says. "The great family of the place is named Tadger, and there are hundreds of them. They own almost everything for miles and miles. I used to ask when we drove past attractive places, 'Who lives here?' and the answer was always, 'Oh, one of the Tadgers.' Now, 4f I have any curiosity I say, 'Is this a Tadger's place?" Every woman in our town does her own housework, and people thought I was good The great need of sedentary people who for nothing when I inquired for help. We got a farmer's daughter who condescended things, but she used my comb and hair sent home for an old darkey auntie. Rowen And the young woman prattles on and the | it a little differently." its must be cooked in close pans of old gentleman is amused, while his wife, thick stoneware to preserve every atom of | who has been having a hard time enterexchange reminiscences on the profit of eggs and butter, the unreliability of county officials in awarding prizes for pickles and pound cakes, silk quilts and shell-work mit-

"Now, there is Aunt M'lindy Acres. She has taken the premium on the same crazy quilt ten years hand runnin', and my son Lish says if we women had a bit of spunk we'd put a stop to it." These two criticise the sanitarium management. They see unswept corners and have a particular aversion for polished floors, which one of them scornfully calls "them old greased floors," "Don't come near me with them weeds," she calls out to a girl with her arms full of wild jars inside, and a wooden box turned over | flowers; "they're nothin' but plum jiggers." She looks suspiciously at every ant or other to find a bedoug. She tells the other woman, who is not so garrulous, how many children she has had and how they survived the many "ketchin' complaints" childthing. He proposes, conundrums, makes puns, sings comic songs, recites dialect poetry and dances jigs when the doctor is out of sight. He is always ready to amuse | Philadelphia Record the children, pick up dropped articles for the old ladies, or take walks with the younger ones. He is a great comforter. The sight of a tank-car for oil is so comtant of the children, pick up dropped articles for mon that no attention whatever would be virtually a prisoner, not even being allowed to go to town. She ended with When the cream proves to be skim milk he

passed the chowchow. A young man with a kodak takes snap shots at the group on the porch, choosing in particular the spot where the senti-mental girl makes eyes at her companion. lasses in barrels, holding from 500 to 600 One woman seems to have left home for pounds, nearly fifty pounds was lost from the express purpose of knitting lace; she looks up once in a while, but seldom moves staves. Losses by defective cooperage, from her place, working away as if her which were also very heavy, are avoided, life depended upon so many yards a day. too. Yesterday a middle-aged woman was talking with our college student, who is evidently a disciple of Schopenhauer. He boasts of possessing great strength of will. He had just made an extreme statement followed by an arrogant assertion, when the lady quietly replied, "Twenty years from now you may not be so confident. I knew a young man a long time ago, knew him very well, and thought him the bravest, most courageous and strong-willed person in the world. He prided himself upon it just as you do. He was certain nothing could dint his armor. He talked as glibly about fate and will as you do now, and was quite impatient with weakness. But after a while an unforeseen thing happened and he found himself very much like other peo-ple, forced to battle against odds and

trying to convince a woman," he said later, to a group of men. "She can't reason herself and will not let you, but always switches off on some recollection or ex-

A wheel chair crunches the gravel as it turns the corner and a weak voice says "Thank you, dear, this is far enough." Everybody looks around because the pet of the sanitarium is coming. Her face can only be described by the old worn word. "sweet." We try to appear happy and cheerful and as if we thought her's a temporary ailment, but solicitude often betrays itself, for one day she said "You are all so kind to me, I am afraid you think me very sick, but I am only a little weak," and she turns and smiles bravely into the face of her husband, who smiles but the smile fades as she looks

away, and his eyes are moist. We have considerable amusement some days watching a sixteen-year-old girl play-ing croquet. She seems unable to play an honest game and unconscious of a disher to cheat. She shoves her ball in the serenest manner, a long or a short push. near it, if it is out of position, while the others are playing, slowly and deliberately is obtained. She is a Susan Nipper of a girl, always on the defensive, always incredulous of fair dealing. Two men were round. discussing the question of square business heirs. dealings, when she interrupted them with: "That's all bosh. Everybody wants the best end of a bargain and I've never seen an honest gentile yet.'

dom of speech. A feeble, red-nosed, disreputable looking old fellow appeared one not ill natured, fellow, a dead shot, a day. With him was a woman whom we all supposed to be his daughter. The frank gentleman immediately saw an opening. "Your father seems weak. Has he been fairly prosperous, his ranch boasting a "It is my husband, sir." "Your husband?" he shouted, "Well! Where do you his wife and only child, a boy of three hail from?" "From --- county." "Humph. Men must be scarce out that

A new arrival asked this same outspoken person if it had rained lately. "Nothing but preachers," he answered, "You see, we've had a temperance lecturer here and all the parsons in the county called on him. I can stand one at a time, but I don't like 'em in batches." Then turning suddenly to a silent listener in upsets general notions about it as a fabric | the corner, "Madam, you never speak. Are you tonguetied?"

HUMOR OF THE DAY. A Delicate Hint,

He-I've been watching for a chance to She-You must be near-sighted.

Not Sharp Enough. Detroit Tribune.

"Why, Madge, that was a splendid chance "I know it, but I was too dull to take ad- few minutes McDermott followed her, gave himself up. He was brought to

Never in One Place Long.

Wife-Do you think our cook is in heaven, Husband-What, now? Why, she's been dead over a week, my dear.

Woman.

Detroit Free Press. Mr. Jinklets-What do you think of the oming woman Mr. Blinklets-Well, if she is anything like the going woman she'll be late.

How He Hurt Her Feelings. Somerville Journal.

His Little Wife (lovingly)-Can I help you, dear? He-No, thank you, darling: it is about as much as I can do to manage it myself.

Seems Probable. Chicago Tribune.

"All good Indians, they say, are dead Indians. "So are all the good white people. Go and read the epitaphs on the tombstones, will A Wise Proviso.

Mr. Kiddby-How would you like to have a new little brother, Tommy' Tommy-That's all right; but while you

| coal, will you?" A Natural Inference. Chicago Record. Hastings (reading paper)-An impoverished

obleman has been captured and placed in custody in New York.

Hubbs-Well, by George, I never thought
those heiresses would go so far as that. Lacks Sensational Features.

Newcastle Chronicle. Mrs. Gray (to friend who has been to the prayer meeting)-Did you have a good meet-Mrs. White-Rather uninteresting. None

of the men who spoke had ever done any-

Sage Reasoning. New York World.

Miss Goodleigh-Do you believe there wil be any marriages in heaven? Miss Uptodate-No. The Bible says there will be no "giving in marriage" there, and where there are no wedding presents, you bet there won't be many weddings.

The Mosquito Coast. Washington Star.

"Hiram," said Mrs. Huskins, "we see Well," was the reply. "I'm glad of it. had had no cause ter regret emigratin' from there, but I'm allus glad ter see New Jersey

Honor to Departed Genius. Washington Star.

"Byron was a wonderful poet," Gladys, with a sigh. 'Yes," replied her father, who is one of brush and I couldn't stand that. We have | the biggest advertisers in the country, "he could have sold a tremendous lot of goods with all that stuff if he had only written

Questionings. Somerville Journal.

Collector-When are you going to pay this bill, anyway? I've been here fourteen times for it already and you haven't paid Debtor-I don't know. What would be come of your business if every man you went after should pay up the first time you called?

Good Friday Superstitions. Philadelphia Press.

In certain parts of England hot cross-buns formed a staple article of diet on Good Frifrom having his home burned down, and were better than any system of fire insur-ance. These Good Friday buns have been derived by some antiquaries from a heathen bread offering made to various pagan divinities. The custom was an extremely ancient one, and is referred to in the Scriptures. The sacred buns were usually sold hood is heir to. She revels in ghoulish at the entrance to the temple, and the very stories of deformed neighbors and distress- word "bun" is said to be derived from the ing accidents. She fairly smacks her lips name of those ancient cakes that were over the boy who had been hurt by a known to the Greeks as "boun." Still an- he met a brother of Mrs. McDermott, train. Both arms and both legs were taken other superstition ascribed medicinal propoff, three ribs and the skull fractured, erties to bread baked on this day, and a her, a despairing scrawl, imploring reyet he lived. "Only," the old lady said, special loaf was preserved the whole year "always after that his heart beat on the to be replaced at the next Good Friday bak-

Tank Cars for Syrups.

tracted widespread comment a day or two a frenzied appeal for her brother to ago as it moved through the city over the When any one complains of the beef and tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad. These longs for chicken he is certain we shall cars carry about 5,000 gallons, which is have it the following meal. When we wish for fresh vegetables he reminds us of the late frost. A woman expressed a desire for cucumbers and cauliflower and he a coil of steam pipe inside the tank for the for cucumbers and cauliflower and he a coll of steam pipe inside the tank for the purpose of heating the molasses, which be emptied in from twelve to fifteen min-

Depressed.

Washington Star.

He had been silent in thought for some time. At length he heaved a sigh, which and it put strange thoughts into Mc-moved his friend to inquire what the trouble Dermott's mind. Reaching the old

"This world ain't run right," he answered.
"Why, you ought to be happy." You've been away enjoying yourself, I understand," "Yes, I've been away, but I don't see much enjoyment; not in a world where the fish are so shy about bitin' an' the moscuitoes so eternally willin'.

Looking to the Puture.

What a pleasant moment, by the way, it will be for the Boston Museum of Fine Arts going to the bottom often. He learned when it comes to take counsel and exchange something, though. He learned it is not duplicates with the Indianapolis Museum. well to be too sure of one's seif, and that it is well to have charity for others."

The young student looked skeptical and changed the subject. "There is no use art center?"

Who can say what new ideas, what new discoveries, what native talent may be fostered on the prairies with "Indianapolis an changed the subject. "There is no use art center?"

FEUD IN WYOMING

经共享的问题的主义的主义者。中国的主要,所以为一个的现在分词的主题的人类的主义的主义的,并不是自己的一个人的人的人的主义的。但是这个是不是这种的人,但是这个人的

WRONGS THAT JAMES M'DERMOTT HAD TO AVENGE.

Child Murdered in His Arms, Wife Stolen and Himself Shot-Victory Marked by Nerve and a Divorce.

Buffalo (Wyo.) Letter in New York Sun. Here is the story of a feud as carried on in the Big Horn basin. A Wyoming feud may lack some of the picturesque features of its Tennessee prototype, but honest one. It is the natural thing for it is not less persistent or deadly. In the South a quarrel is handed down to whichever best serves her need, and stands a man's heirs with rents and real estate. This gives a certain dignity which the slipping it along until the desired place | Western article lacks. The fact is that out West a fight usually finishes in one After that-there aren't any

on a ranch in a wild and sparsely set-Walking about and full of curiosity is tled corner of Wyoming. He was well the man who prides himself upon his free- liked and well feared for a bluff, though good companion and on the whole a square-dealing, honest man. He was comfortable shack, where he lived with years. The man and woman, after having been an uncommonly devoted couple, suddenly commenced to quarrel.. The desert is a cruel dwelling place for a woman, whatever it may be for men. Perhaps Mrs. McDermott-alone felt the corrossive influence, and he, not comprehending, resented the change in her. Perhaps they both felt it and allowed

> all events the discord increased and be- brain. came constant strife. About a mile from the ranch lived two brothers, Pete and Jim Madden, between long been "bad blood." One morning after a violent quarrel with her hus- Taking her by the arm, he said: band Mrs. McDermott, half insane with rage, caught up a shawl and ran across | truth.' the prairie to the Maddens' shack, cry-

"Shoot him. You'll never have a better chance.' "I ain't goin' to shoot him with the kid in his arms," remonstrated the younger man "Then yer goin' to get hurt yerself,"

returned Pete, raising his gun to his brother's head dominated by Pete, placed his revolver close to McDermott's head and fired. at the back of the head.

As McDermott fell Madden fired a second time. The child screamed wildly. Mrs. McDermott rushed out of the house and caught him up. A stream of blood everybody in the basin knows me well, poured over the blanket. The second and nobody, friend or foe, is ever goin' shot had pierced the boy's forehead and to be made to believe thet I didn't know he had died almost instantly. The are at it get-one big enough to carry up mother carried the little body into the a hell of a time as thet there wuz. Ef house, followed by the murderers. BESET BY DIFFICULTIES.

In a short time McDermott recovered his senses, got on his hands and knees and crawled away toward home. At about a third of the distance he sank down exhausted. Four hours he lay there on the open prairie in the freezing wind of a March day. When a chance neighbor found him he was deliriously pleading for the Maddens to give him a blanket. Help was summoned and the wounded man removed to shelter. As soon as he was able to sit up he was placed under arrest on a warrant sworn out by the Maddens, who alleged that he had assaulted them and had used the child as a shield when they had shot to defend themselves.

The trial was short and McDermott was acquitted. Why the Maddens were not arrested at once is not clear. Before McDermott could move against them he again found himself in the clutches of the law on the charge of beheap bout the Mosquito coast in the papers | ing implicated in a recent mail robbery. By this time the Maddens had obtained absolute control over Mrs. Mc-Dermott, and it was on her affidavit that the charge was made. McDermott was taken to Cheyenne, where he lay in jail for eight months. When the trial came off the court instructed the jury to bring in a verdict of not guilty. McDermott returned to the Big Horn basin. A few years before this he had lived in Montana. There he had been involved in a barroom quarrel, and in self-defense had shot and killed a man. The coroner's jury had exonerated him in good taste nor serviceable in town or involved in a barroom quarrel, and in completely, but after all this time he came back to his ranch to find officers waiting to take him to Montana to be tried for that shooting. The Maddens. knowing that the charge of mail robbery would not be sustained, had gone to Montana and stirred up the relatives of

the dead man to file a complaint against McDermott. Again there was a trial; again Mc-Dermott was acquitted; again he returned to the Big Horn basin. Arriving, he found that Jim Madden had terial that comes over the sea will have the been sent to the penitentiary for seven day. Accordingly to rural superstition buns years for cattle stealing. He also found eaten on Good Friday protected the eater that Pete Madden had appropriated not only the McDermott ranch and all the stock, but Mrs. McDermott as well, and the two were living together in the

woman's home. The treachery and faithlessness of his wife seemed to take away McDermott's accustomed spirit, and he went back to Montana without attempting to regain | the real it is a good imitation. possession of his property. In Montana lief from the horrible conditions under wrong side." The funny man is here, and ing. In cases of illness a small portion of the loaf was grated into water and so adscore. Everything reminds him of some-ministered to the patient. feared him, and yet was obliged to do

Several times she had attempted esupon him, and the chances against his makes is run freely and enables the car to returning to them were too great to be

> McDermott took a span of bronchos and a light wagon and started on his 160-mile drive to the Big Horn basin. This was in February, 1893. The route lay through wastes of cactus and sage brush, desolate enough in summer, but so weird and deserted at this season as to be compared to nothing save the dead stretches of a lunar landscape. It was enough to turn an ordinary brain. home, he dug with his hands the frozen grave of his murdered child, placed the coffin in the wagon and drove back to Montana. "I am movin' my family," he said,

grimly. THE KILLING OF MADDEN. It was the last of March when Mo Dermott found himself again nearing his Wyoming ranch, this time expecting to get his wife and to take her after the

child. A mile from the house he came

face to face with two horsemen, one of

whom was Pete Madden, for a wonder

Luther Lattin Mins Malt Extract has family for many years. It

Hoff's Mait Extract has this signature on neck label. EISNER & MENDELSON Co., Agents, New York. ASK FOR THE GENUINE

unarmed. The only words spoken were by Madden, who said simply: "That's him." Then he wheeled his horse and started for the shack. At once divining that Pete was going In 1891 James McDermott was living for a pistol, McDermott lashed his bronchos into a gallop and the two men flew over the rough ground in as desperate a race as was ever run. Mad-

den, being on horseback, had a decided

JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT.

"Mary! The gun! Quick!" Without a suspicion of the truth the woman sprang to obey. The next moment the wagon dashed up to the door and McDermott leaped out with such haste that he was thrown to the ground. The fall saved his life, for Madden's bullet passed over his head. Before the second shot could be fired McDermott's revolver rang out and Madden retreated into the house with a broken arm. Mc-Dermott rushed after him. Madden fired again with his left hand. The buliet just missed the mark. Then McDermott raised his revolver, and when the smoke lifted Madden was seen lying face

The woman, flattened against the wall, witnessed the whole tragedy. When Madden dropped she fled shrieking whom and James McDermott there had through the back door. Her husband caught her at the corner of the lot. "Mary, I want you to go and tell the

They got into the wagon and drove ing that she needed protection. In a to town, where McDermott immediately carrying the child wrapped in a blanket. Buffalo, where he lay in jail for six It was March and very cold weather, months. Mary followed him to the As he neared the house the Maddens place, and during his imprisonment covered him and ordered a halt. Mc- visited him weekly, taking him the best Dermott, with the remark that he was food she could buy, tobacco, cigars, unarmed, stood still. The men searched picture papers and working her fingers him and found that his statement was to the bone to supply him with comtrue. Then Pete, who was the more forts, which goes to show that women cold-blooded villain of the two, said to | are as inconsistent in one part of the world as in another.

The trial was exciting. The principal lawyer for the defense was N. K. Griggs, of Nebraska, one of the most prominent criminal lawyers in the West. Mr. Griggs had arranged to plead temporary insanity for his client, thereby calling out the recital of the man's many wrongs. When the idea was unfolded Then Jim Madden, who was thoroughly to McDermott he reflected for a moment. "Lawyer," he said at last, "I'm goin' to be tried for my life, and I reckon as The aim was so reckless, however, that how I'd do 'most anything reasonable the bullet, instead of penetrating the to get cleared. When thet shootin' was brain, passed through the ear and out done it wuz done quick. I didn't hev time to do much thinkin', and I don't say thet I wuz as ca'm as I be at this minit. But, lawyer, I've lived in this yere country a long time, and 'most exactly whut I wuz doin' even at such you can't get me off without sayin' thet wuz crazy or even thet I wuz uncommon excited then, lawyer, I'll hev to

> In vain Mr. Griggs tried to show him that the plea was a mere device to call out the story of injury and long suffer-

"No, pardner," persisted McDermott, 'they ain't no sense in it no ways. Nobody in Wyoming would believe it-the jury nor nobody. And it is very likely that he was right about it. At all events, the jury cleared him without the plea of emotional insanity. After his release he

said to his friends: "Boys, I wonder ef all this here hez ousted my nerve. Let's go and try." They went out back of the town and out a row of beer bottles, necks toward them, on the posts of a barbed wire fence. McDermott took his old revolver, and, standing at a distance of twenty yards, put bullets through the bottoms of those bottles without breaking the neck of one of them. Concluding that his nerve was intact he invited the crowd to supper at the hotel. Mrs. Mc-Dermott did the honors as hostess. The next day McDermott took his wife to her brother in Montana. Then he came back to Wyoming and got a divorce. Which goes to show that men are as sternly moral in one part of the

world as in another. DAME FASHION'S DIARY.

New York Commercial Advertiser. Lace on the stylish shoulder capes by means of stiff linings is made to stand out after the manner of quills upon an offended Garden hats for the coming summer are better named than ever, since on top and sides is a horticultural display marvelous to look upon. India lawn mats are now mounted on jointed tripod legs. In this way they are

seat than heretofore. White duck suits are to continue in vogue, but not the cheap, domestic duck. The ma-Dutch bonnets are not as popular as they were since caricaturists made women who wear them look something like the animal with longest ears. Lace, silk, muslin and crepon beethas, such as were worn in days colonial, will be "all the go" this season. They have the "soft, soothing effect." Imitation ivy vines for the exterior of the modern old homestead an be had at so

much per yard. To those who do not know Roman lamps, which the Chicago woman took for a sauce bowl are creeping into the se beautiful," albeit a source of annoyto the hired girl. apolitan straw is the material of which some of the most beautiful of the newly imported bonnets are made. And it is declared hey cannot be imitated. It will be a great summer in the country for men in knickerbockers. Men no longer wear them as if they felt ridiculous, nor d spectators so regard them.

Trilby footstools are the newest. They are of tufted silk or velvet and are supposed to be used by women who have been told by Whalebone serge makes the best costumes for the ocean voyage. They shrink not, neither do they soil, and with the Tam O'Shanter hat gives a chic appearance. It is not always the woman who displays a large cross on her person who is most regular at church attendance, and never says an unkind word to any one. Nor is she mistaken for a sister of charity more than once a year.

New York Evening Sun. What does this mean? On the New Eng-

land circuit a dramatic company is appearing in a play called "Trilby's Baby." Who is responsible, Mr. Potter, Mr. Palmer, or Little Billee? Or is it the result of a special arrangement with the Harper Brothers?

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Fair and den, being on horseback, had a decided advantage and reached the goal first. Throwing himself from his saddle he factory

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